once or twice a week.

This made unreasonable physical demands on him. After he started this additional work, he had more trouble sleeping, and more trouble with pain. After returning from a shopping trip it was routine for him to reach for the bottle of painkillers on the mantle. This seriously undermined his morale and aggravated the impact of his personal problems, his financial worries, his sick parents, etc.

In a workplace organized around accommodating people with mental illness, Adam's obvious physical disabilities were barely acknowledged let alone addressed. Thanks to bad management, nearly everyone else was allowed to slack off. The manager did no cleaning, little cooking, and not even very much managing. Babs did virtually nothing at night except make a few bad sandwiches. She opted out of cleaning, in the course of her on-going feud with Gladys. Gladys never cleaned anything either, though she would at least occasionally cook something. The relief staff didn't clean, and were never asked to, although we were overstaffed on weekends, when there was virtually nothing to do, mainly because the residents were more relaxed, without a lot of social workers nickel-diming them, dragging them to appointments, urging them like stupid cheer-leaders to go for walks, or to play soccer.

Adam eventually got half a dozen purple bins that he used instead of boxes. The boxes didn't fit very well in the trunk